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JOSEPH GAULT'S

FIFTH EDITION
OF HIS

REPORTS

ENTITLED

A Coat of Many Colors.



AMERICUS LAW BOOK CO.
AMERICUS, GA.
1902.

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DEDICATED

To the Learned Jurist pouring over the the Black Letters
of ages past:

To the Statesman framing theories and systems of govern-
ment to hand down to posterity:

To the Dvinie whose heart is full of melted charity, who
administers to the soul of man and minds diseased:

To the Notary Public and Justices of the Peace who ad-
minister the Laws and Statutes of Georgia impartially:

Also to Fiddlers and Dancing Masters.

PREFACE.

I deem it a duty I owe myself, the public and posterity, to give them a brief biography and autobiography. All desire to be acquainted with the private history of an author, and it is disrespectful to disappoint public curiosity. I will give a plain history of myself; I will speak the truth of myself and my Reports, for if I do not, others will. I will make this open confession of myself and my literary labours, even though it renders me liable to the charge of vanity and presumption. Others equal and even superior to me have set me the example, and I will profit by it. It is a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only resources in which a man can indulge, without falling into excesses, and of which, he cannot be deprived by envy, malice, or the insolence of wealth, power or birth. I expect no other favor but that conferred on the merits of my professional battlings. I would have made it fuller in its proportions and symmetrical, but as I have but a short time to live, I was unwilling that posterity should be deprived of it, and that it should be buried with me. Many cities disputed the honor of giving birth to Homer, and I would prevent such dispute affecting myself when I shall be no more.

I declare to you my kind readers that I was born in Union District—in that patriotic State, South Carolina, on the 14th of May, A. D., 1794. At my birth no declarations of war was declared amongst the nations of the earth—no ships wrecked on sea, nor hurricanes on land—neither earthquakes nor the falling of comets, affrighted the world—nor was any new planets discovered in the Heavens—though an earthly one appeared. I emigrated to Georgia in the year A. D. 1820, and have resided there ever since. I was among the early settlers of Cobb County and ever since resided in and around Marietta, one of the most thriving cities in our enterprising and noble State. I commenced the study and practice of law, late in life, without friends—without patronage—without wealth—with a limited

education and without much book knowledge—but a better knowledge, that of man—very necessary for a lawyer—for he ought to know the workings of the human heart, and if he does, he will extract from it virtues which adorn, or vices which degrade it. He will often discover honesty under a home spun coat, and villany closely buttoned up under a fine broad cloth one. Truth in the broad, good-humored face of the farmer; cunning and false-hood in the slick smiling face of the gentleman.

A large dependent family of females hath compelled me to take all the fees I could honestly get, and to practice very extensively and successfully in Justice's Courts, where the law is rendered very complex from the profundity of its expounders. I have labored very industriously to ascertain its true intent and meaning from their application. I have deeply explored their intricate and luminous decisions. Have minutely examined their forms and rules of practice and can say, without vanity, I declare that I am more deeply indoctrinated in their mysteries than any of my professional Brothers. I reconcile many of their contradictions—detect their errors and apply the remedy whenever the kind and placid tempers of their honors permit me to be the friend of the court. The young aspirant for legal fame and honor, has in these courts however a luxuriant field in which he may gather a rich harvest of legal learning. He may dispense with the classic Blackstone, and the quaint and learned Coke, and if he wishes to build up his reputation, I would advise him to lay in his materials at those quarries of legal science. The reason I have been so particular in biography, is, that it has been doubted whether I was not a fictitious personage. My identity can be verified by hundreds and particularly by all Justices of the Peace in Cobb County and the adjacent counties, they being my very good friends and loving patrons.

As to the veracity of my reports, I do vouch for them on the honor of my professional reputation. They are as true and faithful reports as Sanders, Strange, modern Coke, Charlton or Kelly; under the plastic hand of Longstreet, they might have been written not truer. Kind reader do you wish more

evidence—I will advance it—refer to their internal evidence—compare them with cases and decisions daily occurring and delivered before similar tribunals, and you will need no further proof. I am convinced that my professional brethren will extend to me their patronage. They will not abandon one of their house-hold—they will not be reproached with a want of liberty. The Judges of Superior Courts are wise men, drinking in legal learning from every legal spring; they too will smile upon my labours. The Justices of the Peace with open hands and hearts will see how exalted is their station—how sacred their trust and what a monument I have raised to their wisdom—how their wisdom is perpetuated. They will read and digest, this my fourth tribute to their merits. The divine, whose heart is full of melted charity, will become my patron, for a mirror is held up to vice reflecting its hideousness. I say then, in the words of the sweet Spencer.

Go little book—thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent
And if that envy back at thee
As one, it will for sucker flee,
Under the shadow of thy wing.

THE AUTHOR.

Nullification.

After the ratification of a treaty of peace in the year 1814, at Ghent, the United States was getting along in peace and harmony with all nations. Agriculture was improving all over the State for about fifteen years, or, about the date of 1830, when the politicians of South Carolina, John.C. Calhoun, at the head of the van, commenced canvassing the State from county to county, and advising the people to nullify the laws of the United States; that the laws was oppressive to the South and unconstitutional. He called the legislature together at Columbia and laid his Message before the body, in which, he advised them to nullify the acts of Congress, so far as respected paying the duties on imports or exports, and for that body to make arrangements for to lay in heavy munitions of war, and call upon him, James Hamilton, then Governor of South Carolina for troops, and he would furnish twelve thousand troops—that was in 1832—Andrew Jackson was at that time in the Presidential seat. He immediately equipped a United States vessel with a revenue officer on board, together with his Euchs, Bull, or, mandate informing him (Hamilton) that if he thought he could nullify the laws of the United States peaceably, and trample them under foot with impunity, that he was mistaken, and that if he, (Hamilton) thought he could do it by the dint of arms, that he would hang him as high as Haman *by the Eternal God*. That put an end to nullification in South Carolina and Georgia; they then took off their buttons and badges of nullification and lay nuter, and then they took a short nap, only eighteen years, from 1832 until 1850—then when they awoke up from a nap of 18 years and rubbed their eyes and yawned and stretched their limbs, they said if they could not nullify the laws of the United States, by G—d they had the right to secede, and did secede.

Secession.

About the year 1850-51 South Carolina, after a short nap of about 18 years, from 1832 to 1850, she awoke up, pregnated with the old leven of nullification and said, if they could not nullify the laws of the United States, she could and would secede and sever from the United States and frame a Government of her own, called the Southern Confederacy—and had for her motto a rattle snake lying in its quail at the root of a Palmetto tree, and this child secession was begotton by a noble sire called nullification—conceived in corruption and brought forth in iniquity, and in fifty the lavy of secession boiled over the Savannah river into Georgia; at that time there was a diversity of opinion amongst people, some was afriad that it would involve us in war and others, that it would cause a revolt amongst their slaves, and perhaps would lead to abolishing of slavery—other said no, no danger—then corrupt politicians and demagogues commenced canvassing the country from village to village and from one stump to another, and from the head of one whisky barrel to another, making political speeches and telling the people that the North was imposing on the South; that the South paid nine-tenths of the taxes into the United States Treasury, and it was high time that the South should look around and take care for herself, and the doctrine was secession and a government of her own framing, and that we had a country adapted to the growth of cotton, rice and other grain, suitable for the consumption of a free and independent government, and in a short time we would double the Northern States in factories; that we would raise raw material, (cotton) at home, and that cotton was king of the South, and that on the credit of king cotton we would strike post notes, bills of exchange, bank notes, etc., and that on the credit of king cotton, they will go equal to gold or silver in all mercantile countries in Europe, and we will grow up in riches and wealth as the fatted calf of the stall; and in process of time they called for Delegates to meet at Macon, to determine the question of secession, and called an election for that purpose. By that

time their demagogues had made many proselites, in particular, those who are aspiring to office, and who had fed and fattened on the spittle of politicians and demagogues. At length the day of election come and the polls opened, and the names of three candidates sounded all secess, and was elected without opposition. In a short time they met at Macon, and in a short time returned, and said that they had adjourned to meet in Savannah; they met according to adjournment and brought that glorious news of glad tidings, that Georgia had Seceded, and Jeff Davis was our President, and elected by acclamation, and then adjourned to meet at Montgomery.

The First Confederate Congress at Montgomery, State of Alabama.

The Congress then met, and I do think, that they did not do anything of much importance. They passed a law to strike a great many millions of dollars on the Confederate States, payable a certain length of time after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the United States and the Confederate States, (*which they knew would never become due,*) and passed some laws as respected raising an army. Here came the tug of war, politicians and demagoges, mountain whisky barrels and stumps—cries out aloud Fellow-citizens, our country is about to be invaded by the United States army—we have long borne the abuse of Abolitionists and Yankees, until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and seceded from the United States Government—and now Fellow-citizens they are preparing to invade our plentiful and peaceful homes in order to harass and oppress, and drive us to subjugation.—Now, Fellow-citizens, let us all, with one voice, resolve to conquer or die free. You have mothers, you have sisters, and also you have sweet hearts whom you love—and will you through fear and cowardice, see those objects of your love and affection trampled upon and insulted by a tyrannical foe? Ladies, if you have a beau who refuses to volunteer in defense of your person and property, dis-

card him as a low down coward, and do not suffer him to keep your company. And you young men, that have no families volunteer and let those who have, stay at home, and will say to you, that you will not be gone longer than three or four months, and we want a respectable army—and when Lincoln sees what an army the Confederates has in the field he will knock under. Yes, says another, and if he does not knock under England and France will make him knock under, for England and France have both recognized the Confederacy as an independent government. No, gentlemen, there will not be a drop of blood shed—I will bind myself to drink all the blood that is shed in this war; but said a by stander, but sir, the North greatly outnumber the South, twenty-three millions to five. No difference, for one Southerner can whip five Yankees, *yes sicee bob*. By such similar arguments held forth to the ignorant, the gay and the giddy, who was drunk with heady passions, giddy wine. By such stratagem the South soon had one hundred thousand or more in the field, good honest young men, who was humbugged into the field.

The second Confederate Congress met in Richmond, Va. The first army of young men, principal Volunteers were much cut up and demoralized by wickedness and the sword. The Congress that passed a law to take all able bodied men from 18 to 35, then the South had a most efficient army that she had or ever had afterward. That army of brave men was soon thinned, and more troops was called for—by that time volunteering had played out—now what is to be done to keep up an army? We will first pass an exemption Bill and then we will pass a conscript bill. First, they exempted all persons who was the owner of ten slaves, or who controlled ten slaves, (*the presumption is that they were all exempt*) for to stay at home to farm, to make a support for widows and orphans. At what price per bushel, fifty cents in gold or silver, or ten dollars in Confederate money, the Congress neglecting to make it a lawful tender in payment of all debts contracted during the war, and left these exempted men to repudiate the currency of the country. Then to keep up rank and file they passed a law to conscript all persons from 18 to 45 or 50, (if I recollect correctly.)

Then they formed squads and companies of all characters to probe the country, to take up conscripts and deserters, (but I think they taken up but few deserters) and driven them at the point of bayonet to the slaughter pen of whole sale murder, and left their wives and children in tears and poverty. But no exemption for the man that had a wife and ten children. That act of itself, had the greatest tendency to damp the feelings and dishearten the rebel army more than all other acts put together, to think that they were taken from their families and homes to fight for the property of those exempted men for eleven dollars per month, that would not buy but one bushel meal for his family, and those men at home repudiating the currency and speculating on the misfortunes of the war, and those exempted clergy-men almost all of them advising and recommending the prosecution of the war, and said there will be no danger of women and children suffering so long as God is good and merciful to all, and so long as preachers do their part, for the Lord has commanded them to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. But they take a shorter route, they set themselves in Moses seat, and made themselves the counsellors of the Lord, and they, in their long sanctimonious prayers bid God to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, (and excuse themselves.)

The Capitulation of Nashville and Jackson.

A short time before Nashville and Jackson was taken by the Federal forces, the refugees or fugitives commenced pouring into Marietta and Atlanta by hundreds and thousands from Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, with horses, mules, and some of them with the rise of a hundred slaves—Bread stuffs at that time was plenty, but residing here between one and two years and no person to till the ground, bread stuffs become very scarce—every hotel was crowded and every private house was full, and we was threatened with a famine amongst the poorer

class—but, in the lapse of time, probably in March, 1864, we began to hear Sherman's cannon roaring at Resaca—at that time, those unthankful guests began to dodge and run around to get transportation like rats in a barn and it on fire, until they all left, and the refugees and fugitives in Atlanta and Marietta, they struck for safety to South Carolina and Middle and Eastern Georgia, together with the citizens of Cobb, who had property, packed up their goods in wagons and carts and taken their furniture and provisions with their negroes, etc., and left Cobb like Lot left Sodom, nothing but tracks behind them and left the poor and destitute nothing to support themselves upon, for they stayed in and around Marietta until they had cleaned the country as clean as the mystical locust did Egypt—and Sherman closely pursuing Johnson to Kennesaw, at which time, Johnson about the first of June, 1864, planted his standard and fortified the place—Sherman in close pursuit, and fought on and around that Mountain until the 2nd July, at which time, Sherman with his reinforcements was surrounding the Mountain; but if those twenty or twenty-five thousand refugees that eat out Marietta and Atlanta had been of the proper grit and fallen in on Johnson's right or left wing, Sherman could never have flanked Johnson out of his position, but he would have licked up Sherman's army like salt before breakfast.

Marietta was evacuated by the rebel army on the 2nd July, 1864, and on Sunday morning the 31st July 1864, Sherman's army marched into the city, and part of his army pursued Johnson's army, and I think fifteen or twenty thousand was left in Marietta, and they built two forts and had them strongly fortified. At that time, the poor was in a distressed situation, but under circumstances I can say, notwithstanding, they gleaned the country of the growing crops of those who had left their houses and absconded; but I am bound to do them justice, they extended the hand of mercy to the poor and distressed.

On the 13th November, Sherman's guards was called to leave Marietta and March to Atlanta, and his rear guards had not got one mile before the deserters and out lyers of the so

called rebel army filled the streets of Marietta as thick as black birds on a rice stack, and taking from white and black, and in a few days there was a man by the name of Patillo, who appointed himself as Captain of a company, he called home guards and then organized his company and entered on the discharge of his official duty. He first made Cole's large hotel in Marietta, headquarters—he then sent out his veteran troops in squads and gave them orders to go around and bring into headquarters all the fine furniture they could find and all the raw hides; they were all stout robust fellows, and did not need a dray, for each man could pack as much as a camel—they soon filled the hotel. He, at that time lived a mile from headquarters, then would go home at night, get his supper and hold prayer, (as a Methodist would,) then taking his wagon, went back and hauled away the plunder they had captured that day. The next day, would send it off to the country for safe keeping until he got all out of the house, then took fire and burnt down; he then said, the Yankees burnt it, and the Yankees had left Marietta a month or more before that time. At that time, there came a man, he said, from Alabama, by the name of Col. Mitchel, and took command of the post—he soon put things to order.

General Orders.

He sent out some baggage with a platoon of brave, intrepid soldiers, to go into Milton and Forsyth counties and probe them, as there were no provisions in Marietta, and go where the raids had not been, and take corn, bacon or anything they could find. They struck out to these counties to Crow's, Harrie's, Wm. Hoods and squire Sam Orr's and divers other places, and loaded their wagons, and to take a near cut home they came around and bartered corn for a barrel of whisky, and when they returned, there was a rejoicing over it, as there was over the Prodigal's return, and they were so much over-joyed at the success, that he took his trusty men with Mattox and went to

John Winter's nursery of apples, pears, cherries, etc., and dug up some thousand or two and took a baggage wagon and sent them to his plantation in Alabama. About that time, the United States sent Capt. Gooseback, with the 29th regiment of Indiana troops and planted his standard in Marietta, at which time Col. Mitchel and Capt. Patillo fled,¹ and their brave home guards scattered and disorganized, and was no more.

Capt. Gooseback, commander of the post in Marietta, of the 29th Regiment, of Indiana. First, he had rations sent there to divide out to him, to distribute out amongst the poor and destitute. Second, the United States had lost a great many horses and mules all branded with the letters U. S.—He then sent his soldiers into the country to gather up those mules and horses, and they, in a short time brought into Marietta a many a one. They was then ordered to bring those men who they found the mules and horses in possession of.—When them orders came out, there was weeping and gnashing of teeth amongst those who had mules branded with U. S.—Some tried to erase the brand, and when they found they could not do it they left Cobb and fled to the mountains and lay there some two or three months to wit, May and June, until the seedticks and red bugs had come very near eating them up. But, thank God for the war, it has saved Marietta from being burnt like Sodom. The sin of Sodom was pride, fullness of bread and abundance of idleness was in her, and she strengthened not the poor, nor the needy, therefore I took them away as I was good—and since the abolishing of slavery, industry is increasing and idleness is giving way and the pride of industry is on its way to wealth and honor.—Cobb county will make more cotton this year than any one county in the State of Georgia. Many ladies in Cobb, have laid aside their grecian-bend and have put on the row bend and are making from one to two or three bales of cotton, and if they continue, lightning will never burn Marietta for the sin of pride and idleness, as it did Sodom. Go into Cobb county at this time and you will find men, children and ladies busy as bees in a hive—all busy except the drones and they are larger than the bee, and do nothing but make the young bees, and when winter begins to come on, these drones

begin to eat the honey, then the bees takes them idle drones out and discharge them. But I think there is too much charity and sympathy to discharge any of the drones in Cobb, and craftsmen who gets their living like Diametus did, by his craft making shrines for the goddess Dianah.

A Judgment for Chairs and Defendant Paying off the Same.

This was a judgment entered up against a man, by a Justice of the Peace for chairs, in Cobb county. The history of the case is, that a man by the name of Brown had a note on a man by the name of Paise for thirty chairs, and a credit on said note of 18 chairs. Brown went to the Justice of the Peace and left it with him for collection. The Justice issued his summons, directed to be and appear on a certain day, time and place designated, to answer the complaint of Brown, plaintiff, on a note of 30 chairs and credited 18 chairs. At the appearance term, no defense, and the Justice entered up a judgment against defendant for 12 *cheers* on a note for 30 *cheers*, credited with 18 *cheers* and 3 *cheers* for cost, and then issued a *fifa*, which followed the judgment and placed in the hands of the bailiff. At the next term, the bailiff made his entry on the *fifa*, no *cheers* to be found to levy on, and returned it to Brown, Plaintiff. The Plaintiff then came to author with the *fifa* and asked author to find the officer—I looked over the *fifa*, and told him I did not think a rule would stick, he then said it was the d—d—est *fifa* he ever saw. In a few minutes defendant came to author and asked him to give him a lift in that case and if I would, he would make me a large arm rocker and bring it to next court. I then told him to bring the 12 chairs to the next court and I would keep off the rule until that time. He came and did not bring the chairs—I asked him the reason, he said he had a wife and seven small children, and no way to feed them only by making chairs, I then told him when court was open to come to the court house door and to do as I told him—he

come—I told him to step up on the steps of the door and pull off his hat and swing it over his head twelve times, and every time, to huzzah for Silas Brown. He then commenced the payment, and Brown came up and asked me what Paise was doing, I told him that he ways paying that fifa you hold against him, (said Brown all right.) He cheered Brown twelve times. I told him whilst his hand was in, he had best settle the cost in the same way, he stepped back and huzzahed the officers of the court three times for cost, and I spoke to him and told him, he best settle my fee before he came down—he asked me if I would take my fee in the same way, says I yes—he then threw his hat over his head and cried out, huzzah for old Squire Gault—three cheers for a large arm rocker for fee—said I, that will do—I told the Bailiff to satisfy the fifa in full, principal, cost and Attorney's fees in full, and all parties satisfied.

The Drunkard's Resurrection in His Morning Shroud.

Recently, there was a young man, who resided near Marietta, by the name of B. He was a very industrious young man, but would at times indulge in drinking spirits to an excess. A few months since, he, as usual, takes an over-charge, and intending to go to Atlanta, he took the cars and directly found himself at Alatoona Station, sixteen miles on the other end of the road; and find that he had not money enough to pay his fare until morning and freight back, he puts off a foot to Marietta. Late in the evening, with only 25 cents, he arrived in Marietta. About one hour before day-break he went to his brother's who lived near town, fatigued and hungry. Not wishing to interrupt the repose of his brother's family, he went into the kitchen, and, to his gratification found a large dish of Snap Beans and Bacon, and Bread and Buttermilk. He set in to satisfy his appetite, and did so by day light. When the family arose he told them what he had done. By being drunk that night, sleeping none, and eating a hearty supper, he found

himself pretty sick early in the morning; he then struck for Marietta to get his morning bitters, and arrived there just as the grocery keepers opened. He went in and in a few minutes he drunk a pint of stump water wine, and in a very short time thereafter, he swallowed down a half pint of rat-tail whiskey, and then started for home to take a day's sleep. He had not got a half mile from town when he became so sick that he could not travel, and slipped into a thicket on the road side and lay down. At that time there was a man who resided in Lick Skillet, by the name of W. of the Methodist order, who was a firm and sturdy believer in a brimstone hell, and dealt largely in the article of brimstone, according to his means. On that morning I rode up to W's. and saw a little boy, some eight or ten years old, running towards the house, his eyes rolling in his head, which appeared to be as large as billiard balls. W. ran to him exclaiming, what is the matter? what is the matter?—Why, said the boy, as I came from town I heard the birds making a fuss in the thicket back yonder, and I went out into it to find the nest, and had like to have stepped on a dead man. Is he dead? Said W. Yes he is, for his head was in a heap of blood, and his brains are beat out and lying at his mouth, and the birds were eating them.

I went on with W. and his son to the slaughter ground, and there lay B. He was a very red headed man, and had thrown up his late supper, stump water, and rat-tail, which made a pile as large as a quart bowl, and the jay birds, wood-peckers and old thrashers, were eating, fighting and frolicking over their early breakfast, derived from a late supper. Said W. here lies Alcohol; and laying his hand on B. said, arise Alcohol, you are not dead and are not ready to be buried yet, for you have no shroud but jay birds and wood-peckers.—[W. was a man wide between his knees, and his toes on each foot pointed to each other, and he had a very sharp nose; and if his face or head had have been turned half way round he would have been remarkably full breasted.] B. arose, made a blow at W., but missed him, W. broke through the thicket. B. exclaimed, clear yourself from here you pigeon-toed bowe legged, brissel noesed, tarapan-backed hypocrit, or I will shroud you with a

convoy of buzzards. W. got out of the thicket and said to me, before I would ever try to wake him again I would see him dead; yes, and let him lie until Gabriel's horn toots him up; yes sir'ee Bob, that I would.

A Justice Commanding the Peace.

Recently there was a case tried in Gwinnette county, by a Justice of the Peace. It appeared, by evidence, that Defendant B's. wife was sick a bed, and sent to the Plaintiff A's. wife for one pound of butter and a half grown chicken. A's. wife sent the butter and chicken to B's. wife according to her request; and in a short time thereafter, A's. wife sent a pair of shoes to B. and requested him to find leather and half sole her shoes, which he accordingly done. And in a short time thereafter A. and B. had a difficulty, and A. went to D. and C. Justices holding jurisdiction in said county, and prayed process against B. for the pound of butter and chicken at the price of 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents, which the Justices issued in accordance to the prayer of A.; and at the docket term of said case, the defendant B. answered the charge and plead a set-off and a larger debt, and prayed of the Court judgment for the balance due him. B's. account against A. was 20 cents, for finding leather and half soleing A's. wife's shoes, and prayed judgement for 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents.

At the trial term of said case, the plaintiff A. proved his account by his own oath in due form of law, and closed. The defendant B. then proved his account by his own oath, and he closed for defendant. The plaintiff, A. then spoke to B. in Court, and swore that defendant B. was a d—d rascal and a perjured villian. The defendant B. swore that A. was a damn'd liar and a cow thief.

Justice D. in support of his office, and in the mildness of a Justice of the Peace, arose from his seat and exclaimed, I command the peace, God damn you both. The parties not obeying the judicial command of the Court, the Justice arose a

second time and exclaimed, God damn you if I cannot keep the peace one way I will try another, and, drawing back his fist, struck the plaintiff on his left cheek bone and broke the skin. Down came the plaintiff on the floor—the Justice gave him several kicks on his head and side, and then said, damn you, I expect that the next time you are commanded to keep the peace, you will do it? He then turned to the defendant and said damn you, I will give you a little too. He then took defendant by the throat and choked him until his eyes began to dance like a billiard ball, and his tongue ran out of his mouth at least four inches—and down came defendant on the floor. The Justice gave defendant a few kicks and then cried out, now, God damn you, I reckon you will hereafter learn how to behave yourself before the Judiciary, and learn to tell the truth, you damned rascal. He then took his seat and said to S., I have made up my judgment—I believe them both to be damned rascals, and there is only one and a quarter cents difference in their accounts, and I will give a judgment against each of them for the cost, and a dollar in each judgment for my time and trouble for whipping the damned rascals, and accordingly done so. The money was made in a fifa at the next term of the said court, and no appeal.

A Case of Seduction.

Some years past, there was a man by the name of Robt. Rodgers, who resided in Forsyth county, who studied the root system of medicine, and was a preacher of the Methodist order and stood head of the clergy. In a short time he was assigned a circuit in Middle Georgia—he stayed there some one or two years, and returned to Warsaw, in Forsyth county, and studied the Botanic system of medicine. He then could cure all kind of diseases and save the vilest sinner. In a short time he was called into John Miller's family as a Physician—the old lady being sick, and when he had to get up of a night to administer

medicine to the old lady, he missed her room door and got into Miss Sarah's room and in about nine months thereafter she brought forth an infant son, and charged Dr. Robt. Rogers with being the father of said child. I asked Miller why he did not sue the old adulterer and make him pay you for raising the child. He said he had went to all the lawyers in Forsyth and none of them would undertake the case without fifty dollars in advance and that he did not have. I then told him if he would give me half of the recovery I would pitch into him. We closed the contract—I then drafted a writ and sent it to the clerk, he copied and had him served at the trial term—I was sick and got Gen. Hansell to manage the case—witnesses not being in attendance, he confessed judgment to defendant, and took an appeal—I attended the appeal trial, both parties announced ready. We struck a jury from the grand jury panel—Hansell examined the witnesses. Sarah Miller first witness, swore that Robt. Rogers, defendant, was the father of the bastard child and she resided in plaintiff's house, and done all the domestic business of the house, etc. The defendant's counsel introduced some two or three witnesses to prove her of bad character—amongst the witnesses a man by the name of Devenport, a Methodist preacher—he said he had been acquainted with Miss Sarah Miller ever since she joined the Methodist church. Was you in that church? Yes—what was her character then? Very good. What did you turn her out for? We discovered she was growing out of shape. Who did she charge with committing that offense with? Brother Rogers, the defendant. We close here.

How many will argue on each side? Gault and Hansell for plaintiff, Lester and Brown for defense. I then addressed the Court in my mild and usual manner, David Irwin presiding, to admit me to argue the case in a plain old field school master style, and to use the language of my mother tongue, as I never had the benefit of rubbing my back against the college wall, and wish to argue this case dispassionately and without levity on my part, which His Honor granted.

May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, this is an action that John Miller has brought in this Court against

Robt. Rogers for the seduction of his daughter, Sarah Miller. This action is not for the maintainance of the child, but it is for the loss of labor and services which he lost by defendant getting with child—for then she was not able to perform the services as she was before; but we will not stop here, it is for other wrongs which the defendant did by his infamous acts. He brought home to this old grey headed man, tears and sorrow by his family, and in violation of the law of the country and the law of God—then I think you should bring in a round verdict against this old adulterer. First, I will give a synopsis of the evidence of Sarah Miller. He was her father's family physician and come to visit her mother, then sick in bed—he gave the old lady some medicine and then said about twelve he would get up and give her more medicine, but instead of going to her mother's room he went into her room, in the dark hours of night. Dr. Devenport's evidence was—respectable when she joined the church and was turned out for adultery or fornication with Dr. Rogers. Witness said he made that unfortunate visit to her bed room in the dark and silent hours of midnight, as dark as the crime which he went to perpetrate—and do you not believe he held out the same argument to her as his father the devil did to mother Eve in the garden of Eden, with all the subtlety of the serpent.

Then gentlemen of the jury, after the facts was proved and the charge rivited on him, what did Dr. Rodgers do? He introduced two or three witnesses to prove the general bad character of Miss Sarah Miller, amongst whom was Dr. Devenport, a Methodist preacher, and what did he swear—that Sarah Miller was of good character until she was tried in the church and turned out under a charge of adultery or adultery and fornication—and when witness was asked who was charged with committing that offense, he answered, with Brother Rogers, defendant. Now gentlemen, I wish you to take an impartial view of this case when you retire to make up your verdict. The counsel for defendant will perhaps tell you, that you should return a verdict for defendant, because she was turned out of the church, charged with adultery, and she was thought to be slippery. I then asked who made her so, Dr. Rogers. Now

gentlemen I will now turn to my old friend Dr. Robt. Rogers, epithets enough without the addition of an adulterer. I now ask you what kind of medicine was that you practiced with in John Miller's family? And what kind did you give Miss Sarah? Was it balm of Gilead? And did you restore Plaintiff's family to health? And in what situation did you leave the Plaintiff's family? I will try and tell you, he left that which was as poisonous as the Baupas of Javy to its visitors, certain death—his daughter disgraced with a bastard child in her arms, and this poor old man in tears and sorrow, and a bastard child to raise for this old adulterer and he 75 or 80 years old, and this old scamp refuses to do anything towards supporting that child. It is the duty of every father to support his children, and when old, it is the child's duty to provide for the parent: but this Doctor has wholly neglected and refused, and still doth refuse to do anything whatever towards the maintainance of that child, but has left it broad cast in the world, for a poor old man 75 or 80 years of age to support. Gentlemen of the jury, in consequence of the Defendant's conduct towards the Plaintiff and his family, he has appealed to the country—you are twelve of that number that has been chosen out of the Grand Jury of Forsyth county—you are to be the judges of the law and the facts—you will perhaps be told by the learned counsel, that you should find for Defendant—you may do so, but I do not believe that you will—you perhaps will be told, Attorney for Plaintiff is only harrassing Defendant, because he is wealthy and the Plaintiff poor, and it is money that he wants—that is true, and the larger the verdict the more favorable to her character. Give a small verdict for Plaintiff and make her case worse—but give us a round verdict against the Defendant and you will partially wipe off that stain that now rests upon her—for if woman once chance to swerve from the strictest rules of virtue, ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame, and one false step forever blasts her fame. She sets like stars that fall to rise no more—therefore, you should, in your verdict not divide hundreds nor thousands, and not to strike at the buttons on his old coat, but strike at his purse, and that a round sum, and that will make him sweat freer

than he does now, and the sweat is now standing on his face as large as cow peas, and I will give you several reasons why you should find a heavy verdict against him. First, he disgraced the church to which he belonged—secondly, he would do nothing for the support of his child—thirdly, he slipped into Miss Miller's bed room in the dark hour of the night with his Bible in one hand and Botanic medicine in the other—fourthly, he then tried to prove in court, her bad character, but failed to do so.

Gentlemen of the jury, I say to you again, you should find a round verdict against this old adulterer. You were taken from the panel of the Grand Jury of Forsyth county, and many of you from appearance is blooming for the grave, and perhaps some of you have little daughters playing around your knees that you like as much as John Miller did his daughter, Sarah—therefore you should find a heavy verdict against him, and not divide tens, hundreds nor thousands.—If you do not find such a verdict, those circuit riders and root doctors, will say, I want to go to Forsyth county to preach and practice on the root system, for adultery and fornication is no crime in Forsyth county, for old John Miller sued Bro. Robt. Rogers for seduction and old Miller proved the fact by Brother Devenport and by G—d the jury returned a verdict against old Miller for the cost.

Gentlemen, perhaps you recollect reading the Revelations of John while in the Isle of Patmos, when the locusts infested Egypt under the command of Mohomet, that he saw there in a vision—and the sound of their wings was as the sound of many horses and chariots running to battle, and they had stings in their tails, and their authority was to hurt no green grass or green tree, nor no cattle, only those they killed to eat, which proves them to have been mystical locusts, and their authority was to torment men five months, and to kill those who had not the mark of the beast in the forehead or in the hand. And if you do not return a round verdict against this old adulterer, every circuit rider and root doctor will come to your county to preach and practice as root doctors, and the sound of their feet will be as the sound of many horses and buggies running in

Forsyth to camp meeting—and they also have stings in their tails, and with them they will hurt, and there uch as or mandate will be to hurt no green tree nor green grass and to kill no man, but to kill all your fat pigs, turkeys and chickens for them to eat and instead of tormenting men five months they will torment petticoats nine months. And now gentlemen I will come to a close and leave the case with you, laying all levity aside, if you think any has been made use of in the discussion of this case. I again say, that a man that has taken the field as a Minister of the Gospel and then palm himself off on the community as a Physician and practice in a respectable family as that old adulterer disgraced—gentlemen could the gold of Ophir make restitution for such slander and abuse in your family—answer no; then gentlemen, give this old grey headed man what we would give to you, and by thus doing, you will put laurels on your heads and a wreath on your county, and a shield and garland of protection around your little daughters that guard them safely from the lust of those midnight assassins, who are going over the country with a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. It would save your family from disgrace and sorrow that that old preacher and root doctor has brought on John Miller and family. And as I say to you again it is your duty to return a round verdict against this old root doctor; first, he was a Methodist preacher and disgraced that body of christians; secondly he was her father's family physician; thirdly, he got Miss Sarah to join the church and fourthly seduced her and then attempted to prove her of bad character which he failed to do, as John Miller's or any other family I care not whose, should be dealt with in a manner becoming the duty of a Grand Jury of the county in order to protect the morals of the country, and when you gentlemen, return your verdict I think it will make that old hypocritical adulterer feel the effects of his conduct and bring tears from him and make him cry like a June bug, and when the rising generation looks over the records of this and finds your verdict in this, let it be such that will scent like a rose when you are dead.

We the jury find for Plaintiff four hundred dollars with cost of suit.

R. McDONALD, Foreman.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

Some few years past there was a great protracted meeting held in the exterior part of Georgia, about which time the Treasury of the Lord was getting empty, alias *the pockets of the clergy*; and on that occasion there popped up on Sunday morning an old disciple, who was well skilled in the art of begging. He arose and opened his battery, and after making some preliminary remarks, said that he would confine himself principally to that part of sacred writ, to wit: Faith, Hope and Charity; but Charity the greatest of the three; and a person might have Faith, and Hope, but without Charity it would avail them nothing; and my dear beloved friends here is many beloved brothers who have left their homes, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives and children, and traveling through heat and cold, wet or dry, sleet and snow, hurricanes and storms to save the wicked men from an eternal hell; and many of those beloved angels have not 25 cents in their pockets; they must be clothed, and they must be fed; and then said, before he come down to make a collection he would tell them an anecdote. There lived in my settlement a God loving and a God fearing minister of *my* Gospel; and in the adjoining settlement there lived a poor old beggar, and one morning the old beggar was passing by the house of that God loving and fearing minister's house, and he called the old beggar to come to his house—the beggar come in and the God loving minister took the beggar to his meat house and cut down a ham of meat that weighed twenty-five pounds, 16 ounces to the pound—the beggar started off with the ham, and the God loving minister called him back and said the devil had tempted him, that he had given him too much meat; the old beggar was fearful that he was going to take it from him, and the God fearing minister said he would disappoint the devil and cut down the other ham and gave it to the old beggar—and he went off with the two

weighing 50 pounds on three legs (two was the age of his infirmity and the other was a staff,) leaping and praising God, that religion was not extinct on the earth. Now brethren, when I come down to make a collection, you who is attempted to give 25 cents give 50 cents, and you that have been tempted to give 50 cents, give \$1, and you that is tempted to give \$5, and so on, and thus doing, you will throw death and destruction into the worn dominion of the devil's camp and curtail his power, (there was an old lady sitting there,) yes, glory to God I say, cut it short so that he cannot sweep the angels out of heaven any more, and let him be a stump tail devil all his life; and her under jaw come up like an old weather beaten flat brick.

The Inquisition.

Inquisition is a court established in some countries for the destruction of heresy, as in France, Spain, Portugal and Germany, which was established by the ecclesiastic order of the government; they charged all people with the crime of heresy who did not believe in their creeds and manner of worship, they put them to death in divers ways, that inflicted the most excruciating pain—by the rack, the stake, the gibbet and the guillotine, which leads us to inquire what order of the clergy enforced the inquisition. Many say it was the Catholics—for my part, I differ from those that think so. The Roman Catholic Church is the oldest church known, and all other churches or orders of Christians took their church ordinances from the Church of Rome; and we know whenever one order of churches gets the ascendancy, and a majority, and established by the laws of the country, they become monarchal and despotic, and would crush all other orders. We discover that principal, in John Calvin, who burnt Servetus with green wood, to make his suffering as long and painful as possible. Look at our own country, America; that the protestants who were learnt persecution in Europe, as soon as they landed in Massachusetts they

commenced persecuting and prosecuting the most innocent and best people in America, called Quakers, and commenced hanging them; the Catholics slipped in and stopped the blood shedding; so we discover in all ages, a man that is clothed with power unmerited, he grows in cruelty and despotism; therefore we see that Inquisition is confined to none, but to designing tyrants and despots; and a Republican Government is poisonous to Priest-craft and tyrants, as the Boanepus is to its visitors; they bind heavy burdens and lay them on others shoulders, which they themselves do not touch with one of their fingers. Kind reader, if you desire to live under a Republic, when you go to the ballot box, vote for no man who falls out with you for a dissent of opinion, and put not the reins of Government in the hands of no sectarian body; if you do, in less than fifty years they will sap the tree of liberty, planted by Washington, watered with the blood of his compatriot heroes, who fought to establish the same—and they will shed crocodile tears upon its roots and will consume like drops of fire, until it is prostrated on the plains of ruin of tyranny, unless the Republicans of Georgia watches our liberty tree, and guard against corruption and tyrants; and let us try and muster the bands of Popes, priests and kings and march them to the land of oblivion, where I wish them a long and peaceful repose in the bosom of nonentities;

Then peace on earth will hold her easy sway,
And man forget his brother man to slay.

The Three Measures of Meal.

This is one of the anecdotes that I promised to the reader in the preface of this most useful work.

Recently a man by the name of Jacob Frize came from one of the Northren States to the state of South Carolina, a preacher of universal salvation. I heard him preach on Saturday, and on the next day, he was to preach at the same place. I was at that time boarding in the house of a very good old lady, a sturdy believer in a brimstone hell, and advocated the doctrine strong; after some persuasion, I got her consent to go and hear Frize preach; when we got there, the house was crowded; I at length procured a seat for my old friend. Mr. Frize commenced, taking his text as follows:—"The wheat shall be gathered into the garner, but the chaff shall be burnt with unquenchable fire." He showed what the wheat was and what the chaff was, and showed the general restitution of every son and daughter of all mankind; he likened the kingdom of heaven to a woman that lost a piece of silver, and swept until she found it; also to the mustard seed, that was sown, and it came up and grew to be a great tree, so that the fowls lodged in the branches thereof; also, in trying to show his hearers the doctrine of universal salvation, he quoted that part of the sacred writ, "That the kingdom of heaven was like unto a woman that put leaven into three measures of meal, until the whole lump was leavened." As soon as meeting was over, I felt anxious to know how my old friend liked the sermon; and so soon as I got the opportunity, I asked her. The old lady turned her head to me, and with a sarcastic smile, said: *Like!* like, I think you say; *like* who?—in the name of God, did you ever hear the like. What, said I, is the matter? *Matter!* do you not know what is the matter; I never heard so many lies in all my life, said the old lady. What said I, did he say? He said that a woman was put into three bushels of meal, and then come out *c-leven* wimen, and I know he told a lie, for wimen is not made in that way, nor never was, said the old lady, at the same time knocking her fists together, and brawled out; I want to hear no more of him.

A Preacher Collecting Money.

There was a man who resided in the 16th, district of Cobb county, by the name of Fowler, who was a preacher of the Missionary Baptist order. He was one day at Marietta, and our friend, Billy Green, (not Dandy Billy of the 20th, district, but Town Billy, *alias* snorting Billy,) was there; and also a man by the name of John McLain was there. Previous to that time Billy had ca sa'd McLain and had the cost to pay, and he was lying in his complaints to his brother Fowler, that McLain was due him, on fifas, some sixty dollars, and that he could not get one cent out of him. Brother Fowler said to his Brother Green, to hand him the papers, and he could get his money, for he just now saw McLain with a roll of money as thick as his wrist. Brother Green handed his demands to brother Fowler, and said that he would give brother Fowler five dollars if he would secure his demands against McLain. He swore he would do so or whip him, and started across the Square to McLain. Fowler was one of those tall, long girted men, and had on a long skirted, homespun cotton coat, with very large pockets; he had in one pocket his family Bible, and a large wine bottle full of corn whiskey in the other. Green and several others followed on to see McLain fork over the money to Fowler; but on the demand McLain refused to pay it. Fowler swore if he did not fork over the money in two minutes that he would whip him. McLain said whip and be d—d, and at the same instant McLain struck brother Fowler on the side of his head with a short stick he held in his hand; down came Fowler on the ground, McLain covered him. Brother Green cries out hurrah! hurrah! brother Fowler, by the life I fear you will never be able to get my money if you do not fight faster.—By this time there were several other brethren present, to-wit: one Hartwell Jones, John Rainy, and others, who cried out, part them! part them! and jumped in and parted the combatants. In the scuffle brother Fowler got his long

homespun cotton coat split from the waist to the collar, and his pockets, being very heavily charged, the skirts fell round before him. He went to a well in the public square and washed, accompanied by brother Jones, Raney and many more.— Brother Fowler said to his brethren, let us take a little of the over-joyful; and thrusting his hand into his pocket, pulled out his Bible, when he exclaimed: Oh! oh! that is my Bible. Running his hand into the other pocket he pulled out a large wine bottle of corn whiskey, then cried out, here is the article, and turned it up to his mouth, and it went good, good, good, three times, and he set it down. Come up brothers and take a little of the over-joyful; come brother Jones, you and brother Raney and all of you, and take some. At that time I was standing by David Dobbs, some ten paces off, and brother Fowler said come up brother Dobbs and take a little. Dobbs thanked him, and said he hoped he was not a brother of his, for I am in the Baptist Church. So am I, and a preacher of that order, said Fowler. I am sorry of that, said Dobbs. About this time Green cut the colloquy short by saying, well brother Fowler, you did not get my money. No, said Fowler, but if they had not parted us I would have whipped his soul-case out or made him fork it over. Fork over the devil, said Green, you will never get that money by whipping McLain. Fowler ran away, and he was the last collector in Cobb of that order.

Case of Slander.

This was an action brought before the Justice of the Peace for slander, the circumstances of which were as follows:— There was a night meeting in the vicinity of the author's residence, near which an old man resided by the name of Cane, a very honest, industrious, good citizen, but who would take his "little sprees" of drinking some times. On the same evening of the meeting, the old man got about "three sheets in the wind," and solicited the author to go with him to the meeting, which he done. They arrived there just as services commenced, an old preacher by the name of Abel preaching.—About this time there was a great revival of religion, and the preacher selected for his text, "Where is thy brother, Abel?" He went on, in his sermon, to show that Cain was the first murderer, because he slew his brother Abel. He preached a very affecting sermon, and invited all that wanted to go to heaven to come up and kneel down, and he would pray for them; they all went up but the author and Cane. The preacher then bawled out in the course of his prayer; Cain where will you be in the day of judgment, when the Lord shall say to you, where is thy brother? Cane here spoke to the author and said: D—m my wig, if I don't believe I will go up and be prayed for. Go on, Cane, replied the author. He went up, and Abel took hold of his hand and laughed, Cane cried; and after laughing and crying awhile, Abel told Cane to knuckle down and he would try to supplicate 'a throne of grace' for him, and commenced lamenting in his behalf: 'Grate Almighty God,' said he, 'here is an oald idoliter, who has come and prostituted himself at the foot of thy umble servant, to git him to supplicate a throne of grace for him; grate God, thou knowest he is an old idoliter, thou knowest he is an oald fornicater, thou also knowest that he is an oald drunkard, and grate God, which is the worst of all, thou knowest that he is an oald lyre;

wilt thou be pleased, instid of putting burnt whiskey in his mouth, to put prayers—instid of putting falsehood upon his tongue put truth, and lit him lisp truth until the day of his deth—take his feet out of the mire and clay, and sit them upon a rock of eternal ages, and put a new song in his mouth, such as praises to the tryin and livin God—Amen.' After praying and singing awhile the meeting adjourned.

As Cane stepped out of the door, the author asked him how he liked the prayer. Durne my wig, if I like it a'tall, said Cane. The author then advised Cane to sue Abel for slander, stating that he had never heard a more aggravated case of slander in all his life. The next morning, Cane went to a Justice of the Peace and made his complaint, on oath, that Abel had slandered him the night before in a prayer.—The Justice issued his warrant in these words:

GEORGIA.—To any lawful officer, to execute and return:

Whereas, affidavit has this day been made before me by Cane of said State, that Abel of said State did on the night last past, then and there, commit a base slander upon Cane. These are therefore to command you forthwith to arrest the body of the said Abel, and bring him safely before me and me only, that he may abide such damages as may be so assest against him for such slanderous prayer and base slander therein.

Fail not under the penalty of the law. Given under my hand and seal. ———, J. P.

The constable, on the same day went and arrested the body of Abel, and safely conveyed him before the said Justice, as directed in said warrant. Some half dozen witnesses were summoned on each side. The case was called—both parties answered and sounded themselves ready, and the trial proceeded as follows:

The indictment being read, the defendant filed his plea of not guilty. Witnesses called and sworn, the Justice heard and examined the testimony on both sides, and inquired of the wealth and stock that each of the parties had. It appearing that Cane had a large stock of cattle and Abel a large stock of hogs, the Justice wrote out his decision as follows:

"It appearing to the Court, Abel made the prayer for Cane without solicitation on the part of Cane, and further appearing to the Court that Abel's prayer amounted to slander; it is therefore adjudged and ordered by the Court that Abel deliver to Cane one sow and seven likely pigs, and also give bond and security in the penal sum of five hundred dollars, that he never pray for Cane any more, with cost of suit.

—————, J. P.

After the decision was read, Abel spoke to the justice, and said that it was not necessary to bind him in bond, for he would see Cane in h—l before he would ever pray for him any more. The court then adjourned.

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The Squire's Death and the Fiddler's Funeral.

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In this chapter I will give the reader a small sketch of my travels in early life. I have ever been fond of good music, and believed that fiddlers were the best and happiest men on earth, always had the prettiest women for wives and the smartest children, *except* Squires; and have often prayed that I had been a fiddler, or a Justice of the Peace, for they and their families are equal to that of a fiddler's.

Well, in the year 1820, I embarked in that unthankful business called *Pedling*, and in the month of May, of the same year, I was traveling through Lawrence District, South Carolina, when my opinion was explicitly proved to me, that fiddler's wives loved their husbands above all other women, particularly if they are Squires; and I hope the history of this case will convince the reader that I am correct. In the month and year above stated, I was in the flat, marshy part of that district, where the sun in the spring of the year, rises clear, and by the time it is one hour high, the fog rises so thick that darkness becomes again intense. I stopped at the house of a Dutchman all night, and the next morning about the rising of the sun, I started on my journey, but had not got more than a mile or two from the house, when the fog became so thick that

I could not see the road two paces ahead of me. I traveled on the best way I could, until my ears were startled by the lamentations of a woman, and the shrieks and cries of children. I stopped for a few minutes to ascertain in what direction they were, and finding they were ahead of me, I drove on, until I came into an old field, principally grown up with pine-sapplings. The fog by this time, having cleared off a little, so that I could see a few hundred paces ahead of me, I discovered a pine pole cabin on the side of the road. I drove up, hitched my horse, and walked to the door of the cabin, and found that it contained the distressed persons. I opened the door, and discovered a small pale looking woman sitting on the sand some four feet from the fire-place, and three or four white-headed children hanging around her neck, and crying and hallooing as loud as they could. Good God! (said I,) Madam! what is the matter! She started up at the sound of my voice, flinging the children here and there, and cried out: Matter, matter! there is a heap of matter here, for the Squire has just died, and there he lies, pointing her finger to the bed. I turned my head towards the bed, and sure enough, there he lay. I then approached the bedside, and felt for his pulse on the wrist and temples, but none could I find. The cold sweat of death was on his face, and his mouth and eyes widely extended. I closed his eyes with my fingers, and bound a piece of cambric under his chin and over his head, which closed his mouth—then turning to the lady, I asked her how long he had been sick. She replied: "*Sick!* sick! did you say, sir—why he never had a minit's sickness since I first know'd him; no, sir, he died suddenly, and I shall miss him mightly, for perhaps, sir, he was one of the best fiddlers that ever touch'n a string,"—here she stopped and cried as loud as she could, and after she ceased crying, related to me the following particulars relative to his death: "This morning just after day had broke, he (the Squire) spoke to me (her) and said, 'My dear, I want you to git up and git early breakfast, as I have to go about ten miles today to play the fiddle for a frolick,' and told me to be in a hurry, and he would play for me my favorite tune; when I was a gal it was called the Ladies Breast Knot, but he called

it "Sugar in the Gourd." She then arose to her feet, her tears ceased flowing, and commenced patting on the sand with her right foot, while the fingers of her left hand were moving like those of a fiddler, and her right arm swinging like that of a fiddler's elbow. After getting in this position she sung as follows:

Oh! sugar in the gourd and I couldn't get it out,
I roll'd the gourd about till the sugar poured out;

"And then," said she, "he played me my other tune; he called that 'The old man and old woman up in the loft; and then said to me, 'my dear, set the table, and I'll play my favorite tune,' and so I commenced setting his breakfast—and there are his pancakes on the table—and he commenced playing his favorite tune, then he dropped his fiddle, and, with the motion of a fiddler, commenced singing:

'Give the fiddler a dram, give the fiddler a dram,
Give the fiddler a dram, I say!
Give the fiddler a dram, give the fiddler a dram,
And give it to him quick I say!

When death struck him at the same time, and there is his fiddle, and here is his bow. Oh, ruined! ruined forever," and she let loose, and such hallooing I never since heard from a woman. I could not stand it longer, so I said to her, "God be with you madam," and left her cries still ringing in my ears.

Assault, With Intent to Murder.

This was a case before a Justice of the Peace, of Murray county, by the name of James McGee. On the return of the warrant which he had issued against Gen. W. Warcasar, and nine others—which warrant was directed to William McGhee, Sheriff of said county, and for him to summons a guard of twenty-five men to arrest the said Warcasar and the other nine defendants, and bring them before him in order that the case

should be investigated fairly. The Sheriff, in obedience to said writ, summoned the guard of twenty-five men, and went and arrested the ten defendants and brought them before his Honor Justice McGhee. On the trial *ex parte*, he found them all guilty of the Riot; and with tears in his eyes said: Wake, I love you like a brother—it grieves me to pass the sentence of the law. Col. Warcasar, like an honorable man, observed, made out a bond—I am ready to give a satisfactory bond. But, said Mr. Justice McGhee, that is not the mode of proceeding. I will make the sentence as light as possible, and shall only sentence you for two years imprisonment in the penitentiary. You be damn'd, says Col. Warcasar; what have you to do with sentencing men to the penitentiary. I will show you, said Mr. Justice McGhee, as you doubt my authority; I sentence you, Mr. Warcasar, to four years hard labor in the penitentiary, and the other nine to two years each.—McGhee, according to sentence, issued his mitimus directing the Sheriff, with his guard of twenty-five men, to take the aforesaid defendants to the keeper of the penitentiary, designating in the mitimus that George W. Warcasar should serve four, and the other nine two years. The Sheriff accordingly started with the ten prisoners, and in Oothcaloga Valley passed Counselor Stokes, who was plowing, who told them he could discharge them on a writ of habeas corpus. They requested him to do so. He takes out his horse, mounts him bare back, and follows to Cassville, which place they reach in fine cheer. The ten devoted convicts employed Messrs Hargrove & Underwood as counsel, at ten dollars each, making the decent fee of \$100, who, assisted by Counselor Stokes, had the prisoners released. After which, supposing they were honorably bound to pay Stokes something, handed a hat round to make up a fee, and each man very liberally threw in a dime—making the sum total of \$1 for riding twenty-eight miles bare back and pleading a snarly case!

Judgment of the Inferior Court of Cass county—Prisoners discharged under a writ of habeas corpus.

Sheriff McGhee paid the guards' expenses, &c., and has subsequently petitioned the Inferior Court of Murray county for \$300, the expenses he was at; but the court refuses to pay him, consequently the poor Sheriff has sustained a net loss of three hundred dollars.

The Wilkinson Frolick.

In traveling through old Wilkinson county, when, on one Saturday evening, the sun some hour or two high, I met a stout looking, young sand lapper, who spoke to me very politely and informed me that he was a Justice of the Peace, and was also a candidate for the legislature. After conversing a short time, he asked me where I lived. I informed him that I resided, when at home, in Habersham county. Good Lord, sir, said he, that is a long way from here? You then live North of the Blue Ridge? That expression rather attracted my attention—discovering that he was a man of some information. He was dressed in a round jacket, coarse broadcloth coat, a wool hat, and a pair of brogans. Having some business with a gentleman that lived in that county, I enquired of my new acquaintance where I could find him. He informed me that I had passed him, and that he lived a mile or two back, and off to the left of the road. He insisted that I should go with him to a frolick that night, and that it was not more than one mile out of the way, and that he, next morning, would go with me to the house of the man I wished to see. Accordingly I consented and went back with my new friend to the frolick. (I must here remark, that old Wilkinson's is one of the greatest places I have ever seen in my life for children—whether legitimate or illegitimate—and some of the women plagued hard to head.) At about sunset, my new friend and myself rode up and alighted at a double, pine-pole cabin, with a sand floor. We had not been there long before in came twenty women—each one of having a child in her arms or on her hip, and all barefooted; and about as many young men. They then held a council and appointed my new friend to the office of superintendent of the frolick. After making some preliminary arrangements, the manager turned himself around on his heels and spoke to a little dirt-eating looking lad, and said—"Bill, take them taters out of the fire and put in more, damn it, the people will want something to eat; take up them there tater peelings and put them in the beer barrel, the people will want

beer. Saul, is Wilcox coming to play the fiddle for us tonight? No sir, he was not at home. Well Saul, get your bones, you can beat the Wilkinson jig, superior to any fiddler's music." The girls, had each of them taken a large potato and were eating them; the manager then turned round to me and said, 'friend will you skin a tater with us?' Yes sir, I replied. Saul got his bones, which were about six inches long. Saul was about twenty-four years old, and weighed about seventy-five pounds, and a very sickly looking lad. He walked to the back of a chair, then said the manager, "now Bets, I want you to beat John Snelgore dancing the Wilkinson jig."

"Here Sal," said Bets, "hold my tater, and don't eat it."

"Rot darn you," replied Sal, "who wants your tater?—I don't."

They then walked out and Saul commenced with his two bones between the back rounds of a chair, and patting the tune with his foot, sung the words as follows:

"Hah, Raccoon foot and Possum fat,
A wild goose gallop and a gander hop.
Hah jack gangorea, jack gangorea."

"Sixteen sweet hearts to one poor gal,
Enough to break the poor gal's heart.
Hah jack gangorea, jack gangorea."

Then said my friend, "Huzza! Bet, you are lacing it on John Snelgore, now Saul go on."

"Wait till I rest," said Saul; and his neck veins beating, and swollen as large as my finger. But in a short time he started his music again:

"Hah, I never can go from home
But it falls to my lot to break a jaw bone,
The jaw bone broke the marrow flew,
Up steps Bill and takes some too.
Hah jack gangorea, jack gangorea."

"Huzzah! Bets, by G—d you can beat any gal that ever the hair grew on the head of. They held on all night, and then adjourned until the Saturday night after the October election. My friend wrote to me afterwards that he was elected to the Legislature by a large majority, and that the frolick made him many friends.

The Badger Skins—By the Rev. Mr. Figgins.

There was an old gentleman who resided in the county of Habersham, and belonged to the Christian church, called Hardshell Baptists, and was a preacher of that order, whose education was very limited. He said he could spell in the spelling book by heart as far as crucific, and could spell in the book to cotemporary, and that he could read in the New Testament and not spell more than half the words—he also said, that the Lord had chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. The Rev. Mr. Figgins then took his text in the Old Testament, (the book, chapter and verse not now recollected.) “And t-h-h t-h-e-y they c-a-u-g-h-t caught b-a-d-g b-e-g-g-a-r-s beggars s-k-i-n-n-e-d skinned them and c-o-o-v c-o-o-v-e-r-e-d themselves with b-a-d-g-e-r begger skins.” He then opened his battery and threw a great many bumb shells loaded with brimstone into the devil’s camp; he also showed how times had changed, the manners and customs amongst Adam’s race. He said a few years ago a lady of common size could cut herself out a dress out of five or six yards of cloth, and the dress was large enough, but in the present day it takes from 15 to 10 yards to make a lady what they call a decent sized dress, and to all appearances they have a bed on their back, and their hips padded with a pillow on each hip—that is the reason of all this extravagance, and O! might these ladies look back to the five yard dress not forty years ago, and O! may they look back to the time when the Lord suffered the people to skin beggars and make clothing out of their hides. Oh! my friends and brethren, what a great contrast between a feather bed, two pillows and sixteen yards of cloth, when compared to that of a beggars skin—and of all people in this world, beggars should feel the most thankful to God, when beggars were skinned alive and their skins made clothing for others; the Lord now suffers them to wear their hides on until they die. Amen.

Women Franchised.

When we look over the dark letters of ages past and see the different laws and the different forms of government that has existed since the creation of man, down to the present time, we see from Republics, Anarchies, Monarchies, limited and unlimited, which amounts to a Despotic Government.—Rome once a Republic, and after many hundred years, she came down to an Anarchial or a Despotic Government, occasioned by the corruption of her rulers. Greece, the seat of arts and science, culture and painting, poets and philosophers, historians and heroes, who gloried in her liberties, even more than in giving birth to such an off-spring—and by the love of power and usurpation she was conquered and subjugated by the turbaned Turk, and is at present, a nation scattered and peeled, and when women is once Franchised in America and entitled to hold the reigns of Government in their hands, we may look out for a reign of terror and blood—for in the present day not one man in ten govern our women, and if they had the reigns of the general Government in their hands, five hundred thousand men, such as Wellington had at Waterloo, could not subjugate the State of Georgia; their reign would be more cruel than the reign of bloody Mary, Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, Queen of England, who ruled with an iron rod, and Queen Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, who captivated Anthony by her beauty and stratagem, and wounded Caezar, and when overpowered by superior numbers, rather than yield to her enemies, she procured an asper and put it in her sleeve, and the reptile bit her and instantly put an end to her existence; therefore, I think it impolite to put the reigns of Government in the hands of women, for they all have the power that God • guaranteed to them, and they are still fighting for more. Men rule the government and women rule their husbands, for when old mother Eve stuck her tooth into the forbidden apple, God told her that she should bring forth children in sorrow, and her desire should be to her husband, and he should rule her—

and ever since, women have been fighting against that sentence that God imposed upon her—and a great many women had as soon die as to be ruled by their husbands, or, live in riot and disgrace until death; therefore they are not the proper ones to rule, yet I believe in women's rights—first, they should be treated with kindness and respect by their husbands—secondly, she should have control over the cradle, the dairy, the broom, the kitchen and dish rag, and all other things as belong to a domestic woman and a good and agreeable wife.

The Gospel.

There is a great diversity of opinions prevailing amongst men and different denominations called Christian and Calvinists, who believe in election and reprobation, Armenians who believe in good works and divers other denominations and all of them quarreling about religion, and when you come to sum them all up together, there is but one sect called Pharasee!—One says his doctrine is the Gospel, another says his doctrine is the Gospel, and they preach an angry God, and a local fiery brimstone hell in eternity, and floating over the country and preaching that heart consoling doctrine, they tithe all their Proselytes, even the poorest widow or orphan, and they, at that time getting a standing salary of from one to two thousand dollars a year, and like the horse leach of Egypt, crying give, give, give, and their sordid avaricious appetites is never satisfied, and they have no sympathy for the poor and afflicted, but in their sanctimonious prayers they set in Moses seat, and become the counselors of the Lord and bids him to feed the hungry and clothe the naked and excuse themselves. They bind heavy burdens and lay on other men's shoulders, which they themselves do not touch with one of their fingers. But if I understand what the Gospel is, it is good tidings of great joy that was to all people, kindred, nations and tongues, and when the wise men who had kept time of the prophecies of

the Prophets of the time that Christ was to make his appearance in the world, the wise men discovered a star in the east and they followed it and in passing some shepherds that was lying on the plains watching their flocks by night, and seeing strange evolutions in the elements, great fear fell upon them and when those heralds or angels returned, they brought good tidings of great joy, *which was the Gospel*. "Fear not shepherds for behold we bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people—Christ is born in Bethlehem of Judea, who shall save his people from their sins"—and who was his people? All nations, people, kindred and tongues was given to him for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth, for his possession. Then the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, and no fire and brimstone was used in the proclamation of the Gospel, for Christ was heir of the world, for God gave it to him, and he says he did not come into the world to do his own will, but the will of the Father that sent him—and then declares that it is God's will that all men should be saved. Now, will God's will be done—"I did not come into the world to condemn the world, but to save the world"—will he do it?

And Christ declares that he will reign until all enemies shall be put under his feet, and death and hell shall deliver up their dead, and there shall be no more sorrow and crying, saying, "O death, where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory." The monster is silent—then the kingdom will be delivered up to God, the Father, that He shall be "all in all." Where then will be your local, brimstone hell? It was malice that formed a devil and envy built his hell; if man had never had animosity to his fellow man the doctrine of a local hell would never have been preached.

Statesman.

Kind reader, I design in this chapter to show you the intention of law-making power. It is for the protection of the inhabitants and for detection of crime, also for to manage the financial affairs of the nation. First to calculate the expendi-

tures of the government and then foot up the income to the government, and if you find the expenditures greater than the income, what then? You then lay on the people an additional tax, and the taxes already exorbitant—then the people complains at the tax—says the members, we can't help it; yes, but I think you can; how? by taking off taxes, first from the legislature, from nine dollars to five—and you will not serve for five—there is thousands in Georgia that will, that is as well or better qualified as you are—and strike off of high salary bills and bring relief to the poor tax payers.—I recollect in 1865, after Lee's surrender, there was an election held for members to go to the Legislature and they met in counsel and the first thing they done, was to settle down on the salary at \$9 per day for their services—and the next thing, to tax poor soldiers that have laid on the tented fields of Virginia and the mud of the West for four years, was imposed on them two dollars, for the reason they were not laid under Virginia sod or Western mud—and these men in counsel drinking fine brandy, smoking fine cigars and keeping company with the ladies of fashion, and them poor soldiers at home without a dollar, and the country demoralized, and nothing he could do if he had have been able. Do you call such men the bone and sinew of a Republic—have they any love for a patriotic and a Republican form of Government? They care for nothing but the loaves and fishes, and it makes no difference with them, whether monarchs, limited or unlimited, despotic or anarchy, so they can control the loaves and fishes. Gentlemen, we should be on our guard, on the watch tour—for when the wicked rule the nation mourns.

To The African Race.

In consequence of your ignorance, which was made so by law, I feel it a duty, which I owe to myself, my country and my God, to give you a synopsis of your race in America, from the commencement of slavery down to the present time, 1873. Slavery of Africans commenced in the year, June, 1620, by the

Dutch; they brought into Chesapeake Bay twenty Africans and sold them to Virginia planters for tobacco. In a short time thereafter, England, France, Spain and America, embarked in that artful business of stealing Africans from the coasts of Africa, and shipping them to the East and West India Islands and to America and selling them as slaves, until the days of Washington's administration, he checked the traffic and forbid the importation of Africans to America. But in a few years there was many that embarked in the traffic again and smuggled into the ports, ship loads of Africans and sold them to the highest bidder; they still kept increasing until about the year 1860, at which time, they numbered the rise of four millions, who had been in bondage two hundred and forty-four years, from the commencement of their captivity, until the abolishment of slavery in America. The children of Israel was in bondage about four hundred and seventy years to Egyptian Kings, and they were miraculously delivered from their bondage by the hand of Moses, and to the overthrow of the Egyptian army under the command of the King Pharaoh. And to you freedmen of America, you have been but recently freed from bondage—the bands of slavery have been bursted assunder, and the stain of slavery washed from the colors of the United States, and Universal freedom proclaimed to the world. Now in order to sustain these blessings you must educate your children—use industry and economy—be punctual in all your dealings and transactions with men, and be your guard—let no man deceive you, for there are traps and snares set for you anywhere you may go, therefore use industry and act honorable.

Two Bites at a Cherry.

Immediately after Sherman abandoned Marietta, it was over run by a more annyoysome race of men than that just left, and their motto was, get all you can and where you can, and how you can—and there was a man by the name of Brace who left Marietta and went North, and left ten sacks of corn (two bushel sacks each) with John Hardage, and the people on

Willio, heard of the corn and an officer was sent up with a wagon to take it to Willio, and was dividing it out amongst the starving women and children—and the the Captain of the Marietta veteran house guards, sent an officer and guards with a writ to take them and the corn, and bring them to Marietta: they brought the offenders and part of the corn.—The authorities put the men in jail until they made up the amount of twenty bushels of corn—then the Justice, the Lawer and Officers who took jurisdiction of the case called a court and brought those offenders before them. They heard evidence in a summary way. The offenders moved that they were sent by the Captain of Willio guards and to distribute it amongst the poor people of that place, which they did, until, the remnant was taken from them by the Marietta guards. The court that had taken jurisdiction of the case read out the judgment of the court, the defendants do make out twenty bushels of corn, pay the cost and be discharged, which was accordingly done. Then the court divided the spoils amongst them as follows, to-wit: The lawyer taken five sacks of corn, the justice made out his cost and the bailiff his cost with all additional cost and the ten bushels of corn at \$5 per bushel, lacking a peck paying up the cost. Hardage complained, the court told him that it was not necessary to take two bites at a cherry, and forgive Hardage the peck of corn.

Millerism.

About the date of 1842, there was a man propped himself as a prophet, called Miller, and he predicted that on a certain day, this world would be destroyed. In the state of Illinois, there resided a man by the name of Dobson, a sturdy and firm believer in Millerism; he went and bought a sufficient number of yards of silk with pink florence, sufficient to line the robes, and had them made, five in number, one for himself, one for his dear Mary, one for his son Willie, one for his son James and one for his little daughter Mary, and on the morning of that eventful day, Dobson, his wife and three little children

put on their robes, ready to fly into glory at the sound of Gabriel's horn. Dobson mentioned to Mary, his wife, that they had but a short time to stay here and perhaps there might be some small things bosomed up that they had not disclosed to each other and as they had but a few hours to make a revelation in. His dear wife, said it was right, so husband you begin, no dear wife, you begin, for the Apostle said, wive's obey your husbands and the father of your children. Wife—then, in the sight of God, I expect it is right, so husband, little Willie is not your child—Merciful dear wife, whose child is Willie? He is the Circuit rider's child, that had so many revival meetings the year before Willie was born. Merciful God! Well, go on Mary, well, Jimmy is not yours neither—who is Jimmy's father? Grider, the brick mason, who built our chimney. Merciful God!—Well, go on Mary, well, little Mary that we both love so well, is not yours neither. Merciful God, who is Mary's father? Mr. Grider, the blind shoe-maker that made shoes at the cross road. Well, Merciful God—house carpenters, circuit riders and blind shoe-makers—now Gabriel blow, I am ready, blow.

Idleness and Pride.

Is a violation of a sacred law, that was given to us by God himself. Man, by disobeying the command that God give to him was turned out of the garden of Innocence, and then and there, he received his sentence for disobedience. That sentence was, he should till the earth and get his bread by the sweat of his face—*how long Lord?* All the days of his life, until thou return to the dust, for dust thou art and unto dust shall thou return—six days shall thou labor and rest the seventh, for God made all things in six days and rested the seventh. So he commanded man, that six days should he labor and rest on the seventh, which is the Sabbath, which man was to rest and keep sacred or holy. Now I ask the reader if it is not as great a violation of the command to idle the six days, as it would be to labor on the seventh day.—Then let us see what it is that

constitutes crime; it is the violation of a law, and when we take close examination of idleness and pride, is the parent of many crimes, and nine cases out of ten the parent is the primary cause—for instance, parents, your only son and many daughters, he is the pet, and becomes able to follow the plow, the parent comes to the conclusion that it be dishonorable for him to labor—but perhaps necessity compel them to hire out—perhaps to a farmer to labor in the farm and the parent, perhaps a widow woman, tells him, now son, if he (*the employer*) works you too hard and does not give you enough to eat, you come home and tell me and you shall not go back—about the second or third day he comes and tells his mother that he was badly treated—well you shall not go back, and I will try and make some arrangement with the school master and send you next week, but be a good boy; but if he whips you, do you come strait home and tell me, and that will be the last lick he will ever lay on your back, in my time. She starts him to school and in less than one week, he comes puffing home, well mother, that old devil has whipped me bad, what for son? (what for,) nothing more than for whipping a little boy that insulted me. Well, he shall whip you no more—he then commenced sliding over the country robbing orchards, etc., and his mother loves him so much that she conceals his crimes, and as he grows up in age he grows in crime until he finds a home in a prison. So much for the sympathy of a tender mother.

Craftsmen.

If I understand what I read, I understand the Gospel to be good tidings of joy, that was to all people, nations, kindred and tongues—was given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession and when some of the disciples asked Christ when the kingdom of heaven would come unto them, he tells them, that already had the kingdom of God come unto you, “for I am the life and the resurrection, etc.” He also tells them that he did not come into the world to do his own will, but the will of the father

that sent me—I did not come to condemn the world, but to save the world, and I can do nothing except the father that sent me give it to me—*will he do it?* That doctrine appears to me more like the Gospel than this fire and brimstone doctrine. But kind reader, I will give you one reason why this brimstone doctrine is preached. If you recollect when Paul went to preach to the Ephesians, they had a goddess Diana, and when Paul commenced preaching they all, with one voice, cried out, great is Diana of the Ephesians, and continued for the space of three hours, and drowned the voice of Paul so, that he could not be heard, and the town clerk asked them the cause of this day's uproar, and that they were in danger of being called before the council tomorrow for the same, when Diametris, the silver smith, who made shrines for the goddess Diana, said sir, by this craft we have our wealth, and perhaps those crafts, preaching fire and brimstone, they have their wealth. I wish my American friends to recollect that wretched doctrine has not been preached in Europe for several years past, and this doctrine serves as a hobby horse to ride. Thousands of Gospel speculators into grandeur and ease, without labor and industry; they do not visit the fatherless and the widow in their afflictions, and do not keep themselves unspotted from the world. I will give my reader a more full history in another chapter in the sequel of this work.

Correspondence of Letters.

Some years past there was a man by the name of Green Prewit, a loafer, a lying round Marietta, an author had a brow ditch to cut some eight or ten rods, and author contracted with Prewit to cut the ditch. He came on Monday morning—author took the tools and went with Prewit and staked off the ditch—he brought a boy with him and said he wanted a shoulder of bacon. I went and let him have a shoulder that weighed some fifteen or sixteen pounds, and he then commenced the ditch. I then went up to the city and returned at 11 o'clock, and went down to the ditch,—he had stuck his maddox in a few times

and left the tools there and was gone. I saw him no more until Saturday thereafter—I asked him why he did not finish that ditch he said he had to go and get meal. I asked him why he did not come and I would have furnished him meal, he said he did not know that, but he would come Monday morning and finish the ditch.—That night he run away, and the next thing I heard of him, he was in upper hog thief district, in old Pendleton, S. C.—Some year or two thereafter I received a letter from Elberton, and when I opened it, I discovered it was from my friend Green Prewit, in these words, Dear old friend, I avail myself through the mercy of God, to inform you that I am just recovering from a long spell of sickness, and I want you, if you have to neglect all other business, and write to me what has become of poor Bill Ables and Sill Scrogins, as I can not hear what has become of them. Tell poor Sill his old mother is no more, and his brother has lost two children, and I have been lying at the point of death, but has got able to attend my church again. Since I have been a class leader, I have taken in 80 or 90 members, and religion is thriving fast, and be certain to write to me what has become of them poor boy's.

GREEN PREWIT.

In reply to yours of——date, is before me and contents duly noticed, and I can say with joy unspeakable and full of glory to hear that the Lord has commenced such a glorious work amongst your relatives, and may he never stay the hammer of death, until he destroys the whole of you and place you in h—l with the beasts and false Prophets, where the smoke of torment will ascend up forever, until you pay me for that shoulder of meat or finish that ditch, you scamp.

JOSEPH GAULT.

A Dialogue.

This Dialogue took place at McAfee's store, in Gwinnett County, some years past, between author and a man by the name of James Berry, then a Judge of the Inferior Court of Cobb County. It is generally known that Judges of Inferior Courts and Justice's of the Peace, are generally men of talents, which you will find the truth of my assertion to be true in the sequel of this case.

Said the Judge to author, what a pity it is, that you do not go and join the church, as you are a man of common sense, and have a good mind and might command respect—but your way of thinking I cannot believe in.

On what principle asked the author ? Why that universal, deistical, Atheist principle.

So you know the difference between a Universalist, a Deist and Atheist ?

No, I cannot say I do.

That is because you are a fool and a hypocrite.

Do you say I am a hypocrite ?

I did sir.

Can you prove it ?

I can sir.

By whom ?

By the Testament.

I will admit the evidence.

Author asked McAfee for a testament, which was handed him and turned to 23rd Matthew, saying, the Scribes and Pharisees set in Moses seat and what they tell you to do, do not, they bind heavy burdens and lay on others shoulders, which they themselves do not touch with one of their fingers; they have a form of godliness but deny the power thereof.— Now said author, look to the cut of your coat and see if I have not proved my position. He arose from his seat, pulled off his round breasted coat, rolled up his sleeves, spit in his hands, and swore if author did not fear God, he soon should fear man and that he would knock author to hell; author told Berry he did not fear his hell, but them big black fists of his. Author got to the counter scales and got a weight, McAfee interposed and the case settled. Berry set down blowing like a setting goose.

Strong Light and Close Examination.

This chapter brings my work near to a close. I have for many years, labored hard to find out the workings of the human heart together with its virtues and vices, and I find it to be a hard study—the best idea that I can draw from the actions of men, I find in the sacred writings of Almighty God, viz: “You shall know the tree by its fruits—men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles”—and all the way that I can form a correct idea of the character of men, is by their fruits, and at this present time, how many thousand is in Georgia that is floating over the country, as scholastic divines, to save men from the wrath of God, in a world to come, for crimes committed in this world—and they do this as Diame-tris did, in the 19th chapter of the Acts; by this craft-sir, we have our wealth, from one thousand to two thousand dollars per year, and still begging the church for more money, and they cannot live on a thousand dollars per annum, and I lived and supported myself and family on fifteen dollars per month and saved fifty dollars per year and had plenty. No, kind reader, they are greedy dogs—they are hungry dogs—every one seeking his gain from his own quarters, and as Hosea says, as a company of robbers waits for a man, so does a company of Priests, and they are willingly devoured by them. Now kind reader, I will try and show you the fruits that a great many of these heralds of brimstone bring forward. Look to the lunatic asylum, and there you will witness the fruits of their labors: then kind reader, look to many of those heralds of sin of the darkest hue; you will often see Brothers in the church get to trading, and they soon commence lying, cheating and swindling each other until they are discarded—they report and soon get back, and then they become two fold more a child of hell than they were before. Secondly, I will give you another synopsis how a great many of these heralds is getting on in the Gospel as they call it—look at Brother Wood of Decatur, sentenced to the Penitentiary—look to Brother Rogers, of Warsaw, for seducing Sarah Miller—look to Brother Hutchins, of Forsyth county,

who took a Miss Cane and lodged with her at the Fletcher House in Marietta and applied to a physician for medicine for abortion—look to Brother Harkey, who seduced Ary Card at Smyrna, in Cobb—then look to similar cases on oaps Creek, and recently on Nickajack, by an old disciple of the cross—look to L. Tatum, of Board Town Creek, in Gilmer County, a Baptist preacher, who seduced a young sister by the name of Morris and I was after him with a sharp stick and he left the country, and there are other Brothers and all the names I have mentioned were preachers, and Brother Tucker, of Jonesborough, I did not get a lick at him, but the church there can account for him, and another good, God loving, God fearing Minister of the Gospel, prays that he was under the Czar of Russia, and he hates the Grant government and wishes that ten Yankees was in the United States Cemetery instead of one. How can an honest man mingle with such a race of men.

The Watch Tower.

Kind reader, I intend in this short work not to satisfy or deceive you, but to publish facts as they are developed to me. I have a broad field to regale in, but a short space to include my views and opinions, and I intend to do so, without levity on my part, and I do not intend to do with intemperate mortar, and I know that an author that speaks or writes against a nation that is proud and monarchial, the hand of that government is opposed to that writer. Kind and gentle reader, I am far advanced in life and deprecate politics, yet I have my own opinions, which are the dictates of my judgment and not that of a designing leader, nor of an intriguing demagogue. The question that now agitates the public mind, is our government on as sound a basis as it was before the rebellion of the South? The question is ready; look to South Carolina and see the United States troops that is stationed in that State; look at Alabama, it is in a similar condition.—Before this rebellion

we was a nation living in peace and harmony, but since that time, there has been no peace nor harmony amongst even neighbors, but war's and malice reign. This government may stand one hundred years longer, *but I doubt it.* The Roman government stood for several hundred years, and at last the Huns and the Goths, whilst the Roman counsel was in her ancient capitol these barbarians, unexpected to the Romans, was seated in her ancient capitol with their banner proudly flaunting the air in scornful defiance of their Scipios and Cezars. Greece, the seat of arts and science, culture and painting, philosophers and poets, historians and heroes, who gloried in her liberties, even more than of giving birth to such an offspring—while united, she defied the powers of Macedonia, with her servile ranks of drilled soldiers; but when divided, she fell, paled and obscured before the blazing crescent, uplifted by the turbaned Turk. Such is the fate of all governments when divided.

Calvinism.

The doctrine of Calvinism is a doctrine that long since, ushered into what is generally called orthodox churches, and I wish the reader to understand that I am no calumniator of Christianity, but to lay before the reader the fundamental doctrine of Calvinism which is developed in a hymn written by Dr. Evans and Emmons, as follows, both Calvinistic writers:

I am a thorough Calvinist,
 I love the few elect,
 And all belonging to that name
 I'll treat with due respect.

All other sects or names
 I boldly disavow,
 Stand by yourself come not near me,
 I holier am than thou.

In my good Bible of't I find
Those words of scripture true,
The Lord has many people called
Yet chosen but a few.

These chosen few shall be at last
Conducted safe to heaven,
Shall sing of Calvinistic joys
With all our sins forgiven.

Whilst on the other hand we view
The reprobate in hell,
Oh how it will our joys increase
To hear their damned yells.

Although our wives and children too
Are rolling in the fire,
Oh, how it will our joys ineease
That we are so much higher.

High in the heavens amongst the bliss
No mortal tongue can tell,
The joy of saints when looking down
On the damned souls in hell.

Who will not join our church
Of Calvinistic heirs,
And for our order earnestly
Unite our fervent prayers.

Lord bring the elect people home,
Prepare them for the shout,
Amen, glory, hallalujah,
When the wicked are shut out.

Jealousy Accounted For.

Some years past there was a man who resided in one of the Southern States by the name of J. S., a merchant, and his wife's name was Darling, and his wife Darling, become jealous of him, and led her husband a wretched life, and there was not a woman from Gath to Askelon, but what she charged with the offence of adultery—and there was a woman by the name of Sally Gunter, that lived some four or five miles off, and Mrs. Darling heard from some gossip that Sally Gunter was with child; then she broke in upon her husband, “yes you little spike legged son of a bitch, you have been spiking about until you have spiked old Sal Gunter; now you have got yourself in a hell of fix.” In a short time one of those old gossipers comes and tells Mrs. Darling that old Sal Gunter had a baby—yes, and now I know it, it belongs to old spike legs, and he is now in a hell of a fix; in a few nights, she had stepped into the kitchen and when she come back and took her seat, she heard the crying of an infant at the door, she went to the door and found a basket hanging on the nob, she took it off and found on top of the bundle a letter directed to her husband—here sir, I have sent you the baby to raise and I trust in God that you will raise it to be a better man than you have been, and not tell lies as you have done to me, and do not let your wife know anything of this matter. Yours, SALLY GUNTER.

She read the letter and went to the door and called for old spike legs, he come in—said she, here is a present to you from old Sal Gunter—she has sent her respects to you, accompanied with a baby. They lived in a town and she went to the door and called for her nearest neighbors to come witness the truth of what she had told against old spike legs, and when the people come in, she opened her battery by reading the letter, and then said, I have told what an old devil he is; she then took the basket and commenced unfolding the rags that the infant was rolled in, and the baby a squalling and kicking. Do you

not know that is old spike legs child—do you see how it kicks and turns about just like old spike legs; he is never still one minute in a day. Don't you hear how the little devil screams and kicks just like its daddy.—Look at old spike legs, he can't be still not a minute and when he sees his baby he got by old Sal Gunter, you will see tears begin to roll from his old eyes, an old devil. Don't you hear how that little devil squalls and kicks—I bet a large wager when I unrapt it that you will say that old spike legs is its daddy—and when she had got all the rags from around the infant out jumped the old tom cat and trotting over the floor; so much for a reconciliation.

Gault's Farewell Address.

Kind reader, since writing out my fourth edition of my reports, I have been called upon by my friends, to give them my reasons for writing out that work, and I think it disrespectful to disappoint public curiosity, and in obedience to the dictates of my conscience I am a firm and steady believer in the sacred writings of Almighty God, and believe in the prophecies thereof, throughout. The first reason is, I am publishing this work, as I am a man far advanced in life, now 80 years old, and knowing that the approximation is close, even at the door, and looking over the catalogue of the world, and seeing the increase of corruption in it, I feel it a duty I owe to myself, my country and my God, that I should leave the public my experience for the last 70 years. I was born of Presbyterian parents—I soon become of adult age—I left my parents in the war of 1812, in my 19th year—in the year 1815, I commenced teaching school on Packolet River, and in the date of 1820 I emigrated to Georgia, and in the date of 1836 late in life, I commenced the practice of law—in the days of Warner, Hillyer, An-

draws, Hill, Irwin and Rice, up to the days of 1860, until the rebellion took place, and up to that time, I can say that I enjoyed life in its full bloom, more than I ever have since. I associated with gentlemen of the bar--with all the hilarity of the bar around the convivial board of Attorneys, and I hope that they will continue to be my warm patrons and not forsake one of their own household in life, and when dead escort me to the tomb as though living. As to the clergy of the Christian columns, long may they live and may Christianity flourish and grow up to be a great tree, and all nations of the earth may flock to it; but as to those Pharisees and hypocrites, who come forward with disfigured faces and embroidered garments and set in Moses seat, and have become the counselors of the Lord, who bind heavy burdens and lay on others shoulders, which they themselves do not touch with one of their fingers; may God soon muster these bands of adulterers and fornicators and march them to the land of the oblivion, where I wish them a long and peaceful repose in the bosom of nonentity.

As to statesmen who is pushing themselves into the law-making powers of the State in 1865, after Lee's surrender and raised their salary from \$5 per day to \$9—I say march them in another band of Pope's priests and kings, adulterers and fornicators, beggars and swindlers for taking \$9 per day and making poor soldiers pay \$2 per year for laying on the tented fields of bottle four years and returned without one dollar in their pocket, and their wives and children destitute. I say march that band of veterans to where they will never again show their heinous heads in confusion, shame and despair.

JOSEPH GAULT.

Gault's Reports Higher than Common Law or Massachusetts Law.

M. R. Stansell, a lawyer who once lived at Americus, Ga., told an amusing story of Gault's Justice's Reports. Rakestraw and —— of Covington, Ga., went out to argue a case before a rural Justice. —— argued his case in good style and quoted abundant authority to convince, and among the cases cited by him was a Massachusetts decision and some common law reports that seemed to carry special weight.

Rakestraw seeing his case was desperate and knowing that the Justice had a particular prejudice against abolitionists, made the following observation in his concluding argument. "May it please your honor, my distinguished opponent says he has shown by the common law that his case is right. Sir it is an insult for a lawyer in this court to quote only common law—this court is entitled to the highest and best law and as good law as any court. Besides sir this common law which he quotes he goes up and brings down the abolitionist law of Massachusetts and quotes that to your honor which is a greater insult. If our courts were to pay attention to Massachusetts law all our negroes would be free before the present year is out. It won't do in Georgia—he ought to go to Massachusetts to quote such common law as that. Now may it please your honor I have here Gault's Justice of Peace Decisions. The Decisions of your honor's own court and made right here in Georgia and no man can doubt them. They are not common law, nor abolition law, but Georgia law and made for Georgia Justices and it fits this case."

The old Justice was convinced and decided in favor of Rakestraw to the great disgust of ——.

In a few days the Justice called at the office of Judge Floyd in Covington and was there informed that Gault's Reports were simply a burlesque on Justices of the Peace. His rage then knew no bounds and he swore he would whip "Squire" Rakestraw if ever again he brought a copy of Gault's Reports to Gooseneck Court Ground.

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